

13 2 KDDERLEN-WACHTER, THE MAN OF AGADIR

Not that he lacked heart, for he gave indisputable proofs of his deep and unchanging attachment to certain people. Yet, broadly speaking and without doing him injustice, one may say that he was neither a sentimentalist nor an idealist, but above all a practical intelligence."

On two occasions during his long exile Kiderlen was called to play a part on a, larger stage. When Marschall represented Germany at the second Hague Conference in 1907, and again when his health necessitated a long holiday in the following year, the Minister at Bucharest took his place at Constantinople for seven and four months respectively. The Kaiser made no objection to such temporary promotion, and the excellent use Kiderlen made of his opportunity helped to soften his heart. "The Foreign Office is full of praise of your achievements," wrote a friend from Berlin, "and His Majesty joins in the applause." Marschall himself, the greatest Ambassador seen on the Bosphorus since Stratford de Redcliffe, was surprised and perhaps not altogether pleased at the success of his junior. Henceforth Kiderlen counted on the succession to the coveted Embassy on the Bosphorus. A series of economic concessions testified to his energy and skill, but his principal achievement was to keep the German flag flying when power passed from the Sultan to the Young Turks in the summer of 1908. Though cries of "A bas l'Allemagne" were heard in the streets, the new leaders were soon seeking his advice, assuring him that the Committee of Union and Progress was not anti-German and that they knew how much Germany had done for their country. When everybody else was in despair, reported the Austrian Ambassador, Kiderlen remained calm. The whole merit of the recovery of German influence under the new regime is usually attributed to Marschall, but the Ambassador

only returned to his post in September. Kiderlen
"had borne
the brunt of the revolution, and Marschall
reaped where his
understudy had sown. Though he liked the
Turks he had no
illusion about the permanence of their
sprawling empire.
Turkey, he believed, would only revive when she
had shed her
racial minorities and become a nation-state.

The road from Bucharest to Berlin ran
through Constantinople. Two months after his second sojourn in
the Turkish
capital Kiderlen was summoned to take charge
of the Foreign
Office during the illness of Schoen. The amiable
Baron knew
that he was only a stop-gap, and he modestly
remarked that
Kiderlen was the man for the job. " I am to pull
the cart out